RICHMOND TERMINAL

VOL. VII. RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1909. NO. 5.

MY BOY'S WHISTLE.

You may talk of the pleasure that opera makes,
And the thrills so ecstatic it grandly awakes,
But there is no music to give me a joy
Like the light-hearted whistle of my bonnie boy.

It isn't a tune, but a jumble galore
Of all the notes in the musical score,
And while to another it's nothing but noise
To me it conveys a heart's volume of joys.

Many times in the day I am straining my ear
At the door or the window that whistle to hear,
And when from the distance comes floating the sound,
I know that my boy on his homeward is bound.

It tells me he's well long before he's in sight:
It says he is happy with childhood's delight;
Then, as it grows louder and nearer, I see
My bonnie brave boy wave a welcome to me.

When he whistles while marching so gaily from school
I know he has missed neither lesson nor rule,
And, when from his play he comes whistling along,
I am sure not a thing he has done that is wrong.

Whenever that blithe, merry whistle is still
I know that my darling is certainly ill,
And none but a mother's so joyful as when
His lips sweetly pucker to whistle again.

Some day when the cares of the world he must share,
When his heart is no longer as light as the air,
His happy-go-lucky trill whistle no more
Will gladden my ears while I watch from the door.

But I pray that the time may be long until then,
And that when he marches through life with the men
He ever will give his dear mother the joy,
She had when he whistled the tunes of a boy.

—H. C. Dodge.

The Girl

The man in the big easy chair looked across the table at his wife.

"I am repeating what Richardson said. He told me this morning that the boy had braced up in quite a wonderful way. He is punctual and energetic and works as if he meant to climb. Richardson says he is positive that Edgar has stopped drinking. His eyes have lost their dullness and his hand is steady."

The woman breathed more quickly.

"Well, what will you do, Robert?"

"Do?" the man answered. "Nothing. This isn't the first time the boy has tried to brace up. You know how long it lasted."

"But perhaps a word from you would help him, dear."

"No."

"You are his father."

"See here, Emily, this won't do. I'm the boy's father, and I've been a bad father. Where I meant to please him I proved his worst enemy. He spent the money I gave him in wasteful living. But why speak of it? Before these doors are opened to him again he's got to prove that he's fit to enter them. He hasn't forgotten what I said to him. If there is a spark of manhood left in his breast he will make no attempt to come near us until he shows he is worthy."

"You are very hard, Robert."

"I've been softer than wax. I'm as hard as snail now. But, there, we've had enough of this for to-night. I told Richardson not to report to me until a week from to-day. Then we can tell, perhaps, whether this spasm of reform has any foundation."

"It will be hard to wait, Robert."

The man looked across at the woman. His stern face relaxed.

"Let us hope for the best, my dear," he softly said.

It was a week later and the woman had patiently waited for the man to unfold his news of the erring son.

"Richardson reported again to-day," he said as he sank back in the easy chair.

"Well, dear?"

"The boy continues to do himself credit. Richardson says he is grasping his duties with a firmer grip. The other day he came to Graham—he's the head of the department—and told him he must have more pay. He said he knew he was worth more and that he could get a job at any time with the Ajax people. Graham will double his pay next week. He told Richardson the boy was well worth the raise. It seems that Richardson noticed the change in Edgar two months ago, but wouldn't mention it because he was afraid it might not last." He paused. "Sounds good, doesn't it?"

The woman's head was bowed. She looked up slowly.

"I know what's brought about this change," she said half hysterically. "It's a girl."

The man stared at her.

"Thank God for the girl!" he said in his quick and earnest fashion.

"I—I must see her at once," exclaimed the woman.

"Go slow, Emily," said the man. "You are jumping at conclusions. But if there is a girl—a good girl, of course—with enough influence to turn our boy into the right path—when his father and mother have failed—she is not to be interfered with—do you hear me?"

There was a little silence.

"I did not want him to marry Alice Landon," said the woman.

"Hush!" growled the man. "He will marry to please himself—if he marries at all—and there's no probability that he will ask our advice. If your suspicion is correct—and I suppose it might be called intuition—don't interfere. There'll be nothing too good for the girl who can awaken our boy to his duty. Let her alone."

But the woman said nothing.

Two nights later they were in their accustomed places beside the big library table.

The man suddenly smiled as he looked across at the woman.

"There is a girl," he said.

"Yes," said the woman, "I have seen her."

The man stared at her.

"I hope you did nothing rash," he said and his voice was almost harsh.

"No," she answered; "I was very careful. What do you know about her?"

"Very little. She is a stenographer in the factory office. She earns a fair salary and bears an excellent reputation. Edgar has been seen in her company a number of times. That's the extent of my knowledge. You say you've seen her. How did that happen?"

"It was easily planned, Robert. I waited about the factory until Edgar came out—I was in the little antique shop across the way and he didn't see me and, oh, Robert, our boy looks ten years older!"

She paused with a little catch in her voice.

"Go on," said the man. "Let's hope he has grown ten years the wiser."

"He held himself straight, Robert, and I think there is a new look in his eyes."

"Go on, you foolish mother."

"I saw him quite well because he crossed the road and passed in front of the shop, walking slowly. And after the others had gone a girl came out of the office, a slender girl, walking alone, and when our boy saw her his face lightened up and something seemed to grip my heart."

The man softly laughed.

"The mother love showing itself through maternal jealousy. Go on, my dear."

"Edgar crossed the street quickly and fell into step beside the girl. They walked slowly, the girl looking up into his face now and then. There's no doubt that she loves him, Robert."

The man softly laughed again.

"And did your eyes tell you this?"

"My eyes and my heart, Robert. When Edgar and the girl turned the

"EDGAR FELL INTO STEP BESIDE THE GIRL."

corner I hurried out and found Michael he had the car on a little side street and I followed them."

"In the car?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Rather an obtrusive way to trail your prey. But go on."

"They were standing still when we turned the corner, but Edgar did not look around. Michael ran ahead slowly, and as we passed them Edgar left the girl—she gave him her hand as he turned away—and ran and caught a car. The girl looked after him—she is very fond of him, Robert."

"We will admit the fondness, my dear. What next?"

"I told Michael to stop at the curb and I leaned out of the carriage and called to the girl."

"Was that discreet?"

"Wait, dear. At first she didn't hear me. And I called again, and she heard me and came toward the car. She has a nice face, Robert."

The man laughed once more

"Your mother heart is defending the boy's taste."

"No, Robert, the girl has an attractive face."

"You will admit it's a little crafty and hard about the mouth?"

"No."

"And that it suggests paint and flaunts its powder."

"No, Robert."

"And that it is feebly pretty and altogether cheap?"

"No."

"Then it was much better than you expected?"

"Yes, Robert. She has a nice face—not beautiful, but frank and clear eyed." She paused. "If she has been simply pretty it would have hurt me, Robert. It would have looked as if Edgar had been caught by a dimple and a curl. But the affair is more serious than I thought."

He caught her eye and nodded.

"What you are telling me is good to hear," he said. "I'm feeling easier about Edgar than I have felt since he left college. It looks very much as if his liking for this girl was the first sensible symptom he has shown. And there's another thing."

"Well, Robert?"

"If the girl can run the gauntlet of your critical mother eyes there must be something very attractive about her. But you haven't told me all the story."

"I called to her and when she realized that I wanted her she came to the car. I told her I was nervous and a little faint—which was quite true, Robert. And I asked her if she wouldn't sit by me for a few moments until the attack passed away. She looked at me wonderingly and then something in my face decided her and she took the seat by my side. I asked her where she lived and she told me and I directed Michael not to hurry. Then I talked to the girl and found out something about her. She is an orphan and came to the city from an interior town. She has been well educated and is qualified to teach singing, but her present work is fully as remunerative and more certain. And she is twenty-three."

The man laughed.

"That's extremely interesting — I don't refer to the age item especially. But go on."

"I don't know what she thinks of me. I tried to interest her."

"By asking her questions?"

"I asked no questions. She told me all this voluntarily. I am quite sure she will tell me more the next time we meet."

"Then you have planned to see her again?"

"Yes. I am going to take her with me for a ride in the parks, Wednesday evening. I told her I was a fussy old woman and that she was doing the best kind of charity work in amusing me. I said I had taken a fancy to her—and it's true, Robert."

"Eh!"

"Yet, Robert, I can't quite say that I am ready to take her as a daughter-in-law. Think of the talk it would make!"

The man laughed.

"I see you haven't quite surrendered, my dear. And what's the girl's name?"

"Elinor Viets."

"That's not bad. Of course, you didn't exchange cards?"

"I thought of inventing a name, but I couldn't bring myself to do that. I suppose she thinks I'm a forgetful old creature who doesn't remember even the common usages of polite society."

The man leaned back in the deep chair and interlocked his fingers.

"Well," he said, "things are not nearly as bad as they might be. Up to the present moment I must frankly admit that the girl seems too good for the boy."

"Robert!"

"It's the unpleasant truth. Of course, he's improving, but don't let your mother heart cherish any belief that this fine young girl—I take her at your own valuation—isn't much better than this wayward boy of ours. But there, we'll postpone any further discussion until after the coming ride."

So it was Wednesday evening when they took up the subject again. The man was waiting in the library for the woman to come home.

He looked up as she came through the doorway. Then he quickly arose and went to her, and took her cloak and led her to a chair.

"Why, Emily," he said. "What's happened?"

For a moment she could not find her voice.

"They are to be married Tuesday evening," she sobbed.

The man whistled.

"The boy seems to be developing energy along with his other awakened qualities. There, there, calm yourself and tell me about it."

The woman waited a moment.

"I drew her out," she began, "and soon found that she wanted to talk to a woman. It seems she has no intimate girl friends and she told me just what I wanted to know, and yet dreaded to hear. She is very fond of Edgar and she has the fullest confidence in him. He told her about his wild days and how he quarreled with his father and mother. She doesn't know who his parents are—Edgar doesn't want to talk about the past—but she feels convinced they are wrong in their treatment of Edgar. She is sure they didn't understand him, that his mother was indulgent and his father unwise. Edgar needed an object in life, he needed to be thrown on his own resources. Now he had her." She paused and drew a quick breath. "Think of a mother listening to all this!"

"It is a rather novel situation," said the man.

"Why, I can't even give her a wedding present," she sobbed.

"You might send it anonymously," he suggested. "But people who give wedding presents never do that. Tuesday evening, eh? Did you find out the name of the clergyman?

"Yes. It was the Rev. Frank Darnley."

"Frank Darnley? Oh, yes, he is on the Samaritan board. I met him at the annual meeting the other day. He wanted to interest me in some special mission work he has undertaken." He looked around suddenly. "Would you like to go to this wedding?"

"Yes, Robert."

"I might buy off the girl."

The woman shook her head.

"You haven't money enough to do that, Robert."

"Fine. Then the wedding goes on. And to-morrow I will send for the Rev. Frank Darnley. He will be glad to come. I believe I have a little gift for his mission project. When he comes I will make the necessary arrangements." He went over and gently smoothed the woman's hair. "I think this is going to turn out all right," he said.

It was Tuesday evening and the Rev. Frank Darnley sat in his little parlor and waited for the girl and the man who had asked his professional services. It was a neat little parlor, nicely furnished, with folding doors that connected it with the sitting room beyond. These doors were closed and the Rev. Frank Darnley inspected them carefully before he answered the bell.

When he returned from the front door he brought with him the girl and the wayward son. He greeted them cordially and bade them be seated.

"We are in something of a hurry," said the young man. "We have a brief little trip in view, and time tables make no provision for delayed happy pairs."

He laughed and the young pastor laughed with him.

The girl unfastened her traveling cloak.

"Would it be possible," she said, "for you to have a woman present during the ceremony? I have a fancy that I would like it better."

The young pastor brightened.

"Why, yes," he answered. "I have two visitors at the present moment, a very worthy couple. I will ask them to be witnesses in accordance with the state law."

And he slipped from the room. He was back presently.

"They will be glad to aid us," he said a little hurriedly. "They will stand in the doorway here while the ceremony proceeds. If you are quite ready you may arise."

The doors at the back were softly opened.

The ceremony proceeded, the most nervous members of the trio being the Rev. Frank Darnley.

When it was over and the Rev. Frank had shaken hands with both and wished them joy, the girl looked around and suddenly started. A man and woman had entered the room, but it was the woman who startled the girl.

"Why, mamma!" she cried. "Are you here?" And she advanced with her hands outstretched. The woman was crying and could not answer. But she opened her arms and held the girl close.

The bridegroom had whirled about, and then catching sight of the man and woman had drawn back.

"Elinor," he cried, "do you know this lady?"

The girl released herself from the woman's embrace.

"Why, yes," she answered. "She has been kind to me—as a mother might be. There is no person I could so gladly greet on my wedding night."

The young man stared at her.

"Don't you know her name?" he demanded.

"Why, no, Edgar; I don't know the lady's name. I never thought of it."

He was still amazed.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know this is my mother?"

"Your mother!" she cried. "Your mother! Oh, I am very glad! Don't cry, mother."

The older man took a step forward.

"Eddie," he said. "I hope your resentment doesn't go so far as to prevent your father from kissing his new daughter. God bless and guard her!"

The younger man gave a quick step and put out his hand.

"Father!" he cried.

And the Rev. Frank Darnley smiled approvingly. Pennsylvania Grit.

Guarding a Nail in Jerusalem.

It has been asserted that the Holy Land is in the hands of Moslems simply because the Christians would quarrel so over the sacred sites if they were in possession. If true, this is not creditable to the feeling which exists among the sects of Christendom. In his recent book, "A Winter Pilgrimage," Rider Haggard tells a story of the military occupation of Jerusalem which puts this matter in a strong but unflattering light.

A gentleman in Jerusalem told me that not long ago he found a Turkish soldier on guard in some part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre where it was not usual for a sentry to be, and inquired of him why he was there.

He pointed to a nail in the wall, and replied, "It is my duty to watch that nail."

Asked why, he explained that the Latins, or the Greeks, I forget which, had driven the nail with the view of hanging a picture; that a rival sect had furiously objected, saying that it was all interference with their property, and wanted to pull out the nail; that thereupon the Turkish government had intervened, and set him to watch the nail and see that no picture was hung upon it, and that it was not pulled out.

To allow the picture to be hung would have been to admit the claims of those who drove in the nail. To allow it to be pulled out would have been to admit the claims of those who objected to the driving in of the nail. Therefore the nail must be preserved, and the picture must not be hung; and, to see that this was so, an armed sentry must watch day and night. For aught I know he may be watching still.

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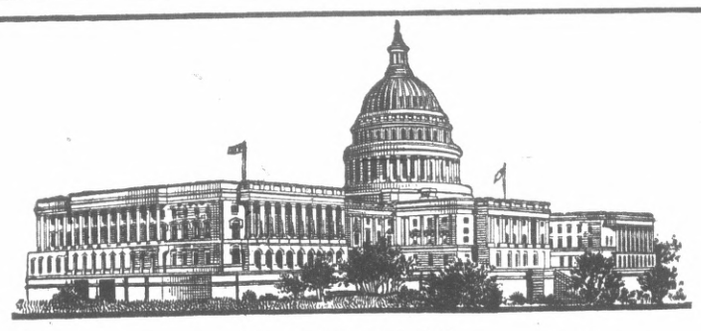

[?] *How would YOU like to visit Washington & see the Inauguration?*

[?] How would YOU like to be right on the ground and see the inaugural parade and Mr. Taft take the oath of office as our next President.

[?] How would YOU like to see Congress in session, sit in the Senate and House galleries and hear the debates and see all the prominent figures of our National life?

[?] How would YOU like to see the public buildings, grounds and parks that go toward making our National Capitol one of the most beautiful cities in the world?

[?] How would YOU like to take a day's sail down the Potomac River to Mt. Vernon, the home and tomb of George Washington, a place held in reverence by every patriotic American?

[?] How would you like to ride through the Southern part of the United States, up the Atlantic Coast, back through the Middle West and across the Rocky Mountains in a luxurious Pullman?

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ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
Dr. Warren B. Brown
[Lessee]
Editor and Publisher

PHONE 1321
POST-OFFICE BOX, 228
518 MACDONALD AVE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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Entered as SECOND-CLASS MATTER June 23, 1902 at RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA, under the ACT of CONGRESS of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, February 27, 1909

If you have any news, arrival and departure of friends, society or industrial news, changes, coming events, building operations or other gossip beneficial to the city, send it to the TERMINAL as early as possible, with your signature.

NOTICE—No contract with this paper is authorized through outside parties; no agents are employed. Subscribers who may fail to receive their paper are requested to notify this office at once.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

Before another issue of THE TERMINAL is published a new Republican President of the United States will have been inaugurated. Thursday, March 4, 1909, will pass into history as one of the most memorable days of this nation's many notable ones. Eminent personages from over the world will participate in the ceremonies, besides an imposing military and civic pageant to do honor to our nation's chief executive. A great many national achievements have been accomplished during the past administration, and they will be augmented by the furtherance of others. The perpetuation of our national prosperity will naturally follow. We have lately celebrated the anniversary of Lincoln's birth and of Washington's birth, and now we are to witness the birth of a new presidential regime at the nation's capitol. We greet, non-politically, as loyal Americans, Roosevelt's most worthy successor, William H. Taft, President elect of the United States.

FOR A GOOD TOWN.

With the passing of an extraordinary season of rain, and the coming of spring sunshine, the real California article, business activities will resume in their usual way. The present time seems to be just the proper time to heed the following, which is aptly named, "A Recipe For a Good Town."

"Grit, vim, push, snap, energy, schools, morality, churches, harmony, cordiality. Talk about it. Write about it. Reasonable property. Speak well of it. Healthy location. Help to improve it. Advertise in its newspapers. Patronize its merchants. Good country tributary. Elect good men to office. Honest competition in prices. Faith exhibited by good works. Make the atmosphere healthy. Fire all croakers; loafers and deadbeats. Let your object be the welfare, growth and promotion of your town and its people. Speak well of the public spirited men, and also be one of them yourself. Be honest with your fellow-men."

Governor Gillett signed the anti race track bill on Friday, February 19, and sixty days after that date it will go into effect, making the season of racing one month less in this state than formerly. The reason for the bill not being signed directly after its passage, the governor states, is that he takes up bills in their file order and signs them in their turn. The governor did not intend to help the race track interests, but followed the usual routine way in his official capacity.

NARROW ESCAPE

W. O. Arnold Accidentally Shoots Himself.

W. O. Arnold, a well known citizen of this city, living at No. 130 Richmond avenue, came near to being the victim of his own awkwardness in the improper handling of a large revolver Thursday morning.

He escaped death, but is laid up with a long and dangerous wound extending back from the center of the forehead to the top of the head, and while it is thought that he will fully recover from the injury, he must undergo a period of suffering.

Mr. Arnold's family and relatives, as well as his many friends were given a fearful shock by the accident and that portion of the city was in a great commotion for a time. Friends were summoned and doctors were rushed to the Arnold home.

As soon as it was learned that the injury was but a superficial one, the agony and suspense subsided.

In order that Mr. Arnold might receive the best of care and attention he was placed upon a litter and borne to the hospital.

Mr. Arnold is an enthusiastic sportsman and hunter. He makes yearly hunting trips to the wilds of the state, and takes great pride in his collection of guns and revolvers. He watches over their care and condition as closely and carefully as a mother over a child.

After he returned from his work at the Standard Oil plant and just before retiring, he thought he would take a look at his fire arms and be sure that they were not rusting from the wet weather.

He picked up the big revolver, and breaking it open, looked directly down the muzzle, as a man will, for rust spots or signs of dirt.

While in this position he snapped the gun back into place with the result that a cartridge, which by some accident remained in the gun, was fired. The bullet was a heavy one, and but for a slight movement as the parts went into place, would have entered Mr. Arnold's head in the vicinity of the eyes and killed him instantly.

ATTEMPTED HOLDUP.

Dr. Lucas was held up by a gang of hoboes near the S. P. depot Wednesday night at 10 o'clock, but frightened them off by flashing a small brass instrument which they thought was a gun.

The doctor had been out near the old cocoa factory to see a patient and when returning was surrounded by the gang. His prompt action in showing his heeling saved his valuables, and probably a beating.

Mr. Lucas reported the matter to Officer Chas. Walker, who, with Officer Barry at once went to the scene. The gang was rounded up in an old unused lumber shed near the tracks. The officers were in plain clothes and when the men were told to throw up their hands and line up they stated that they had no money. They thought they were in turn being stuck up.

Of the six men arrested five had big knives and the other one a razor. One of them had $3 in cash. The men are all white but one, he being a Negro of great size. The names which they give are as follows: Wm. Whirr, Thos. Johnson, Andy Grosley, Herman Back, Erick Henderson and Dallas Bechtel.

At the hearing Thursday no evidence could be found to connect the men with the hold up, and the doctor could not identify them. They were floated out of town.

LEAPS TO DEATH

Victim Succumbs to Fatal Injuries.

Peter Biagini, an Italian laborer, living with other relatives at the Toscano hotel on Standard avenue, was injured Tuesday night at about six o'clock by jumping from a county line car near Dwight Way in Berkeley, and now lies cold in death at the Roosevelt hospital.

Biagini was on his way to Oakland in company with a party of his comrades and friends. He was being made sport of by the crowd and his friends drove him to the verge of frenzy with their teasing.

Finally while the car was running at high speed, Biagini rose to his feet and made a wild leap from the car.

He was badly bruised by contact with the rocks and earth and his condition was found to be serious. An ambulance was hurriedly called and he was taken to the Roosevelt hospital. Every thing possible was done to revive him but he never regained consciousness, and died within a short time.

Biagini has been employed at the Oil Works here for the last three years and has been a steady and industrious man. He has a wife and child in Italy.

ENJOYABLE SURPRISE.

Royal Neighbors Make Presentation to Mrs. W. E. Sroufe.

Mrs. W. E. Sroufe was the victim last Saturday evening of a very cleverly arranged surprise party, given by the Royal Neighbors of America. The affair was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jones on Seventh street.

The feature of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful pin to Mrs. Sroufe, who is the Past Oracle of the order. After the presentation the evening was spent in recitations, songs and sociability. Refreshments were served, and the guests departed to their homes, satisfied that the party had been a success from start to finish.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sisson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jones, Miss Fern Scroup, Miss Ethel Hutton, Miss Myrtle Ross, Dr. Frouty, F. E. Beil, Mesdames W. E. Sroufe, C. W. Washburn, L. Griffith, J. K. Thomas, F. Hutton, R. Wells, J. Waddingham, O'Rourke, H. J. Washburn, E. Thornbury, R. Gregory.

ORGANIZE CLUB

PROPOSE TO ASSIST IN WORK OF IMPROVING THE SANTA FE DISTRICT.

The residents of Santa Fe met at Maple hall last Sunday and organized an Improvement club. The meeting was the result of a call made by City Trustee Boswell. Dr. Blake was elected president and I. E. Marshall secretary.

Mr. Boswell explained the object of the meeting, and stated that he was desirous of obtaining the views of the property holders of this tract with regard to street work and sewage. He stated that the preliminary work of the city trustees had advanced to that stage where it was desirable to know the feeling of those interested or to be affected by the proposed work. If it was to meet with opposition it would be useless, and besides a waste of money to go on with the proceedings. He expressed the hope that every one would fully consider and discuss the matter.

Mr. Hawkins, the agent of McEwen Bros., was called upon. He stated that he was instructed by that firm to say that they were willing to have the proposed work done from First street to Tenth street inclusive, and from the south line of Ohio street to the south line of Washington st.

All the resident property holders present expressed themselves as being willing and even anxious for the proposed improvements.

Dr. Blake spoke in favor of tree planting along the streets at the same time or as soon after as possible. He also suggested that an improvement club be formed in that section of Richmond south of the Santa Fe Oakland branch. This met with the hearty approval of all present.

A motion was made and carried that an improvement club be formed, and that it be known as the South Side Improvement Club of Richmond.

Dr. Blake was elected president and I. E. Marshall secretary. The club is to meet every second Sunday at 3 p. m. It was suggested by the president that every member present sign the club roll, and that at the next meeting each member bring in the name of some good neighbor and resident of this district.

Next meeting, Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3 o'clock p. m.

THIEVES IN JAIL

Mexicans Loot Stores of Large Amount of Goods.

Three Mexicans hailing from Oakland and whom it is claimed have been doing a wholesale business in stealing goods from the stores of this city, were arrested Thursday night by Constable John Murray.

An attempt will be made by the enraged store keepers to have the thieves sent up for a long time.

Several of the merchants on the west side have been missing goods for some time and are convinced that the Mexicans are the guilty parties.

S. Volnea, the tailor on Washington avenue lost a whole bolt of valuable cloth, the Hub store has missed several articles and the store of Elsie & Elsie has lost a large amount of goods.

Two fine overcoats were found concealed by the Mexicans, and while the labels of maker and seller had been carefully removed, still it is hoped that the owner can be located and assist in convicting the gang.

The men are held on a charge of vagrancy while the hunt for evidence is carried on.

Additional Town Talk.

I. E. Marshall, the former superintendent of streets in this city, was appointed assistant assessor for the spring work at the Board [illegible] Monday night.

Assistant City Engineer Nixon has tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees to take effect March 1. Mr. Nixon thinks that he will enjoy much better health in a drier climate and will return to the south.

Two cars on the East Shore & Suburban railway ran off the track near the subway Tuesday afternoon and caused a tie up of traffic for an hour. There was [illegible].

John Wolbe and H. Trautvetter, two well known men of this city who have been handling the [illegible] work for the Ineeda Laundry, got into a wordy dispute Wednesday over the details of their connection with the laundry. As a result Wolbe was assaulted and [illegible] and Trautvetter is under arrest on two charges for which he furnished bail in the sums of $[illegible] and $[illegible] respectively. The matter will be heard in police court next Wednesday.

The matter of bonding the city and building a tunnel through the Potrero ridge on Santa Fe avenue and connecting with a municipal wharf on the water front is again being revived. It is generally granted that the Cutting canal is a [illegible] one, and meanwhile the city awaits connection with the traffic of the bay. At the Board meeting Monday night Schofield & Co. of San Francisco submitted a proposition to make a bid for the construction of the tunnel and wharf. No action was taken but the matter is being considered by many leading men of the city as well as the city trustees.

TAX SALE

The yearly sale of property for delinquent taxes was taken up at the city hall Wednesday at 11 o'clock by City Attorney Hart, and while it has been continued every day since that time, is not yet finished.

It was thought that Thursday would witness a large attendance of buyers, but they failed to materialize. The buyers were few and there was no eager competition among the bidders.

On Friday the same conditions prevailed, and much of the property had to be passed to the city. This property was again offered on the following day. The entire amount due the city on the list is some $1,700, but a portion of this was paid on the opening day of the sale.

In the injunction proceedings on the improvement work in the hill district, which just now is being much discussed by the people of the city, Attorney McBride filed the necessary bond in the sum of $500 at Martinez Thursday and secured the restraining order from Judge Latimer.

The bondsmen on the bond filed are Geo. W. Loomis and Ben Brignone. The order is directed to the city officials and the contractor on the work, L. J. Page.

The papers were served that evening, and the arguments on the matter will be made in the superior court next week. City Attorney Hart will appear for the city and also for the contractor.

Important improvements are being started at the Southern Pacific depot. The facilities have long been inadequate for the business transacted here, and now the depot and warehouses are to be remodeled and enlarged to accommodate the fast growing business at this point.

A warehouse is to be added by building on 115 feet at the rear and the offices and waiting room are to be rearranged and enlarged.

Grading is now being done on the property and a large amount of lumber and other building material has already been received for the work.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
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Notice.

Upon numerous demands I am now in position to accept any who desire to take a thorough course in piano work. He will be in Richmond on Saturdays. You may call at this office, or at headquarters, 533—24th St., Oakland.

R. B. GOODMAN,
Professor of music.
Feb 13 5t

Of interest to Rent Payers. The rent you pay will buy a large lot and build you a home. For a limited time I will make very easy terms on lot and building. Write today for full particulars. Address P. O. Box 228, Richmond, Calif.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Anybody wishing to join El Primo Co-operative Colony will please call for a booklet and information. Over a dozen families going from this town. Get in line. A new job and home for life; only 150 miles from here.

The Square Deal Hardware Co.
Third and Macdonald Ave., Richmond.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF CONTRA COSTA COUNTY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the estate of AMILCARE RAMPOLDI, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Amilcare Rampoldi, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the law office of A. B. McKenzie, 1010 Main St., Martinez, Cal., the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

Dated February 13, 1909.

MARTIN W. JOOST,
Administrator of the estate of Amilcare Rampoldi, deceased.
Feb 27 5t

THE GROCERY
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THE INDEPENDENT GROCER
Has settled it
A Dollar's Worth
$ For One Dollar $
How does it strike you
MACDONALD AND EIGHTH

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WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
OPTICAL GOODS
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Repairing a Specialty
Jewelry made to Special Order
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Domestic Shirt and Collar Ironers.
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1343 TWELFTH STREET
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ORIGINAL DEFEC

TOWN TALK

The new Catholic church at Stege will be dedicated Sunday, February 28, by Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan. The services will begin at 10:30 a. m. Mass will be held every Sunday thereafter, Rev. Father Noland, pastor.

The wedding of Miss Eunice Cotton and Walter L. James of Dunsmuir will take place in Oakland on Sunday, at the Golden Gate Baptist church. Miss Cotten is a beautiful and accomplished young lady of this city and her many friends will join in wishing her all happiness.

There is quite a revival in building in this city with the return of good weather. The Tilden & Eakle Lumber company is placing a lot of material at present in the various parts of the town. Three houses, for which this company supplied the material, are being erected near the county line.

J. C. Thornton, the contractor is building a new house on 3rd street for another party. Jas. Donohue has a house going up out near the crossing of the Santa Fe and the S. P. E. Erickson is engaged in the like commendable work on Twentieth street. There are also many small bills of lumber being sent out for repair work. The employes of this firm are as busy as bees at this time, and expect to remain so.

Louis Farrell, the foreman of the People's Water Co., was considerably bruised up in a runaway accident with his team out toward Point Orient Tuesday. Mr. Farrell was driving a pair of mis-matched horses and in managing them one of the lines broke.

GOT AHEAD OF PITT.

The Ruse by Which George III. Outwitted His Premier.

On Jan. 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner party in his Windsor deanery when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name.

"Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the bishop.

"Beg pardon, my lord, but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business," and the butler seemed so urgent that the bishop apologized to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said he. "Come to tell you that you're archbishop of Canterbury—archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?"

The bishop bowed low in token of acceptance.

"All right," said his majesty. "Don't want to worry—see all their hats in the hall—back to them. Good night."

The reason for this speed at Windsor was that his majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before and the premier, Pitt, had recommended the bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretyman, for the vacant primacy.

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, Pitt," said the king, "but I offered it to the bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word."

Pitt was very angry, but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became archbishop of Canterbury and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.—Michael MacDonagh in Chambers' Journal.

Time to Go.

"I wonder how many of those connected with newspapers," said a reporter, "remember the famous dispatch sent by a press telegraph operator at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. It was the only smile raiser in the whole horrible catastrophe. It read something like this: 'The building is beginning to rock, bricks are falling about, and it's me for the simple life.' Then it trailed off as if the operator had scooted for the open door, or wall, perhaps. This dispatch was handed about the newspaper offices and made all the boys laugh in spite of the serious picture it called to mind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reasons For Cannibalism.

According to a writer in a French review, there are three causes for cannibalism. It is due either to necessity, pleasure or fashion. Twenty per cent of the cannibals, we learn, eat their dead to honor them. The ancient Tibetans belonged to this class. This is sentimental anthropophagy. Nineteen per cent eat their great warriors to obtain their courage. This is designated egotistic anthropophagy. Twenty-nine per cent eat human flesh to punish their enemies and 32 per cent because it is the fashion or because they consider the flesh savory.—Indianapolis News.

Fat Singers—Why?

A medical gentleman, writing in Comoedia, explains that the physical massiveness of the majority of famous singers comes mainly from abnormal development of the lungs. We must confess that we had been under the impression that it was due to a laudable effort to make grand opera amusing.—Punch.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteous.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

By the Way He Does It He Gives an Index to His Character.

THE POTENCY OF LAUGHTER.

Shown by the Effective Way In Which Cervantes Smiled Spain's Vain and Foolish Chivalry Away—Men Who Never Laughed and Rarely Smiled.

What an index to character is man's laugh! What surer clew can we have to both his intellect and his temper unless it be that he seldom or never laughs? "Nothing," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." "You know no man," says Tieck, "till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh." "The perception of the ludicrous," says Emerson, "is a pledge of sanity. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow men can do little for him."

Lavater, the great physiognomist, lays his great stress on the very unequivocal and decisive nature of a laugh as an index of character. If it be free and hearty and occasion a general and light movement in all the features and dimple the cheek and chin, it is an almost infallible evidence of the absence of any great material wickedness of disposition. Caesar instructed Cassius to sense that lean and hungry conspirator rarely, if ever, indulged in laughter. When Horace Walpole was in Paris in 1765 he found that laughing was out of fashion in that gay capital. "Good folks," he writes, "they have no time to laugh. There are God and the King to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition."

How often a man fails to betray the tiger that lurks within him until he laughs! Is there nothing significant in the fact recorded by Plutarch of Cato the younger that nothing could make him laugh, that his countenance was scarcely softened even by a smile? Is it not a characteristic trait of the gloomy tyrant, Philip II. of Spain, that he rarely smiled and that he laughed but once in his entire life, and that when he heard of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day? Is it not a suggestive fact regarding the gloomy, taciturn Wallenstein, the terror of the people, at the sight of whom as he paced through his camp with his lofty figure enveloped in a scarlet mantle and with a red feather in his cap a strange horror took possession of the soldiers, that he was never seen to smile? Can we wonder that the poor little death, Alexander Pope, the cynical satirist, tortured with asthma and dropsy, tortured with rheumatism, racked with headaches and threatened with cataract, should never have laughed, but only smiled?

It has been said of the greatest of English dramatists, who united with his intense humor an equally intense, piercing insight into the darkest and most fearful depths of human nature, that no heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello except that which had the unquenchable [illegible] of Falstaff and [illegible]

Might not [illegible] be made of that [illegible] a [illegible] who [illegible] of the [illegible] were [illegible] How exuberant was his mirth, sparkling in jest, [illegible] and yet how often [illegible] those sad, pathetic, [illegible] showed a man familiar with sorrow and acquainted with grief?

Who can doubt that but for the merriment [illegible] he [illegible] the [illegible] from his early [illegible] the [illegible] would have sunk under his weary weight of care long before he fell by the pistol of Booth?

It is indeed statesmen, students and thinkers generally who most need the relaxation afforded by wholesome merriment. Some centuries ago it was the fashion in Europe for men of rank to keep a buffoon, and a banquet was considered incomplete where a privileged jester was not an attendant. This was perhaps for those days a wise custom. It is surprising how much a few minutes' laugh will refresh the body and a few minutes' laughter the mind, and many a useful life might be prolonged by the substitution of these remedies for "carking care" and weariness in place of the usual treacherous tonics and stimulants.

What a dismal deduction would be made from the happiness of our homes if they were robbed of their merriment! What pictures of innocent mirth has Goldsmith given in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and how artless the remark of the good Dr. Primrose, "if he had little wit we had plenty of laughter!"

What a power for good and evil is the world's "dread laugh, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn!" How many men have been cowed by it who could have faced without flinching a battery's deadly fire! How many bad customs and wicked practices, how many quixotic schemes of philanthropy or reform, how many absurd doctrines in politics, theology and sociology, which have defied the artillery of argument have been "laughed off the public stage," never to return! Did not Cervantes "smile Spain's vain and foolish chivalry away?" William Mathews in London Great Thoughts.

Ill gotten goods never prosper.—German Proverb.

When to Hesitate.

"He who hesitates is lost," quoted the wise guy.

"Oh, I don't know," said the simple mug. "At an auction sale he who hesitates may have his money."—Philadelphia Record.

The Change.

"So he has ceased to be her ideal?"

"He has."

"What disgraceful thing did he do?"

"Married another girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

—City of Richmond—

Notice: The Terminal challenges any place in the world to show as great railroad development in [illegible] years.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND FROM THE MACDONALD AVENUE DEPOTS AS FOLLOWS:

Southern Pacific

The subway, at the main Richmond depot on Macdonald avenue, at a cost of $35,000, a permanent mechanism, built in 1905, fixes for all time the central commercial trade way.

The next improvement will be a modern, [illegible] mission style depot for the [illegible] and a local electrified road, an extension north from Berkeley to the depot, [illegible] via West Berkeley to San Francisco, with a 20 cent fare.

Toward San Francisco:

[illegible timetable]

From San Francisco:

[illegible timetable]

Santa Fe Route

This road came to Richmond in 1900, before the Standard Oil refinery, extending her wharves at Ferry Point, tunnel, viaducts, depots, roundhouse, shops, library, warehouses and Terminal tracks about $1,500,000. Like the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe's main depot is on Macdonald avenue and it will be of the mission style when moved near First Street, and enlarged.

The Oakland & East Side Railway, the northern terminus of the coast division, is in road will use a ferry to connect for San Francisco through the Key Route.

Toward San Francisco

No. 3	California Limited	[illegible]
No. 41	Stockton Local	[illegible]
No. 1	[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 5	Overland Express	[illegible]
No. 9	Bakersfield Local	[illegible]

[illegible]

From San Francisco

No. 6	Bakersfield Local	[illegible]
No. 4	California Limited	[illegible]
No. 42	Stockton Local	[illegible]
No. 8	Overland Express	[illegible]
No. 32	Oakdale	[illegible]

All main line trains except Nos. 7 and 8 stop at Richmond Avenue—add 5 minutes to the time [illegible] Macdonald Avenue depot for trains to the ferry and subtract [illegible] minutes for time of [illegible] the ferry.

This time table is subject to change without notice. W. B. TRULL, Agent

OAKLAND & EAST SIDE RY

(A., T. & S. F. Ry. COAST LINES)

This [illegible] connects with Key Route.

From Richmond

[illegible timetable]

To Richmond

[illegible timetable]

EAST SHORE & SUBURBAN RY

—Electric cars. Local service.—

[illegible] the [illegible] in Richmond that [illegible] system for [illegible] in any other Terminal city in the World and the equipment of heavy rails and modern St. Louis cars makes it a comfort to the tourist that shows quite a contrast when compared with the cars of the Oakland Traction on San Pablo Avenue to the County Line. The system is years in advance of our city's streets.

This road has its central offices at the growing passenger Terminus near the Southern Pacific depot on Macdonald avenue where the East Shore & Suburban subway was completed [illegible] at a cost of about $35,000, eliminating the dangerous [illegible] the seven main line southern Pacific tracks, and which [illegible] service in all parts of the city. [illegible] the subway over the new line, the Park [illegible] ample [illegible] via the Richmond [illegible] to East Shore Park, the pretty [illegible] and the [illegible] of Contra Costa County and the [illegible] fare. This road connects with Wall Street Boulevard also [illegible] its passengers.

The local line cars from the County Line to the Standard Oil refinery over San Pablo, Macdonald, Midway, Tewksbury and Standard avenues, connecting at Stege, Twenty-Third, and Sixth street and at Ohio and Washington avenues, with San Pablo, East Shore Park, the lines on Twenty-Third, Thirteenth, Sixth, Barrett, Ohio, Eighth and all parts of the city not on the main line are served.

RICHMOND BELT RAILW'Y

The Belt Line connects Richmond with the commerce of the world through the oceanic and inland shipping with Richmond as a distributing center—via great overland railroads, the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe, which, by traffic arrangements, control the Belt and its wharves, each assuming separate management every alternate year. The largest vessels [illegible] discharge and take on cargo and meet the Terminal overland railroads, here at deeper water than at San Francisco. The Belt Line also carries factory, warehouse, wharf and other employes, twice daily, via East Shore & Suburban electric cars to and from their homes in Richmond.

CALIFORNIA SETTLER'S RATES

March 1st to April 30th, 1909.

From—

Denver	$25.00
Council Bluffs	25.00
Omaha	25.00
St. Joseph	25.00
Kansas City	25.00
Leavenworth	25.00
Houston	25.00
Sioux City	26.05
St. Louis	30.50
New Orleans	30.50
Memphis	30.50
Peoria	31.75
Bloomington	31.75
St. Paul	31.75
Minneapolis	31.75
Chicago	33.00
Pittsburg	42.00
New York	50.00

Many more from other points. Long time limits and stopovers. Cost of trip may be deposited with Agent, Richmond. Phone 601.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF SOREN S. SORENSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Soren S. Sorensen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. B. McKenzie, No. 1010 Main Street, Martinez, Cal., the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

Dated December 26, 1908.

ANNIE J. SORENSEN

Administratrix of the estate of Soren J. Sorensen, Deceased.

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Now is the time to select your time-piece. Buy the best. Your friend will appreciate a gift from you. Some jewel, lodge pin, silver service. Numerous presents are at your command in our store. A small deposit will hold it.

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Drawing-room sleepers—berths—sections—drawing rooms. Dining service unequalled—Observation Car—open air rotunda—Ladies' parlor—Gentlemen's cafe—Library.

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Rates from San Francisco: One way, first class rail, via Sunset Route to New Orleans and first cabin on steamer $76.80.

Round trip first class rail and first cabin steamer $144.40.

Choice of rail routes on return trip, Second class rail and second cabin steamer $64.75.

Rates include your berth and meals on ship. Just as cheap as an all rail route.

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Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

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SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ A BOTTLE

Extremes Meet.

The little traveling man looked admiringly at the big traveling man.

"Gee!" he said. "You sell Corliss engines, don't you?"

"No," answered the big man. "I'm an agent for a needle factory. What's your line? Complexion powders?"

"Not exactly," said the little man. "I build suspension bridges."

ONION SEED 60 cts. a lb.

Per Salzer's catalog page 129.

Largest growers of onion and vegetable seeds in the world. Big catalog free; or, send 16c in stamps and receive catalog and 1000 kernels each of onions, carrots, celery, radishes, 1300 each lettuce, rutabaga, turnips, 100 parsley, 100 tomatoes, 100 melons, 1200 charming flower seeds, in all 10,000 kernels, easily worth $1.00 of any man's money. Or, send 20c and we will add one pkg. of Earliest Peep O'Day Sweet Corn.

SALZER SEED CO., Box PC La Crosse, Wis.

Noblesse Oblige.

The youthful George Washington had just declared that he couldn't tell a lie.

"How would it look," he said, "for a future President of the United States to be eligible for membership in an Ananias club?"

Thereupon he trimmed the cherry tree [illegible] his most worthy successor, [illegible] he had [illegible] made a big stick out of it.—Chicago Tribune.

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Fell for It.

"Lottie," asked Will, "what is that piece of music the orchestra is playing?"

"It's the overture to 'William—Tell!'" she answered, looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

In a tremulous yet ardent whisper William thereupon told her what she had been waiting so long to hear.—Chicago Tribune.

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S. F. N. U. - - - - - No. 9, 1909

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THE UMBRELLA IS ANCIENT.

Was in Use in the East Centuries Before Christ.

Umbrellas and parasols were used by the Eastern nations many centuries before the Christian era. The oldest chinaware shows pictures of ladies and mandarins shaded by parasols of patterns similar to those now in use. So little known, however, were those articles to Europeans that a dictionary, published not more than a hundred and fifty years ago, defines the word "umbrella" thus: "A portable penthouse to carry in a person's hand, to screen him from violent rain or heat." The first umbrella ever seen in the streets of London was carried by the philanthropist James Hanway, who died in 1786. For many years after the introduction of umbrellas a man could not be seen carrying one without being hooted for his effeminacy, particularly when passing a hackney coach stand. The drivers of those vehicles regarded the umbrella in the light of a rival. For a long time coffee houses and inns were accustomed to keep a single umbrella of great magnitude for the purpose of shielding customers from the rain as they passed from the door to their carriages. It was not until about the year 1800 that the use of the umbrella became so general throughout Europe and America that a man could carry one without attracting the attention of passersby to a disagreeable extent. In Spain and Italy the article was first domesticated and France adopted it next.

In the Fog.

Hudson Maxim, at the British Schools Club's recent banquet at Delmonico's, referred to the fogs of London.

"In one of the worst London fogs," said the inventor, "an old friend of mine tried to find his way from Trafalgar square to the Savoy, where he had an engagement to dine. The sulphurous air made the eyes smart and the head ache, and it brought on terrific fits of coughing. You could not, literally, see your hand before your face. There was a continual crashing in of windows; bells jangled; vehicles and foot passengers collided; shrieks and oaths arose.

"Threading his way, in the midst of this pandemonium, through the Strand, as he supposed, from Landseer's lions to the waiting dinner at the Savoy, my old friend to his great bewilderment soon found himself descending a broad stairway. He put out his hand to the balustrade. Yes, a broad and stately stairway, with a rail of carved stone. Amazing! Suddenly in his descent my friend collided with some one ascending the stairway.

"'Hullo!' he said.

"'Hullo!' a gruff male voice replied.

"'Can you tell me,' said my friend, 'where I am going?'

"'Certainly,' said the other. 'If you keep straight on you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it.'"

Sanguine Sam.

David Belasco, the great manager and playwright, complained bitterly the other day of a man who had duped him, a man who, pretending to be a millionaire, had promised to invest $[illegible] in the erection of a "model" theater.

"He took me in," Mr. Belasco frankly admitted. "I have, I suppose, too sanguine a nature. I expect, I suppose, in the way of success, fortune, happiness—the impossible. At any rate, taken in I was.

"In my exorbitant demands on life," said Mr. Belasco, "I resemble a young friend of mine, a banker's son. This lad is very amiable, but very extravagant. His load of debt is always, like the load of Atlas, unspeakably huge. His father said to him last New Year's day:

"'Now, Sam, I want you to turn over a new leaf. No debts in 1908. Eh is it agreed?'

"'Yes, sir,' said Sam heartily.

"His father took out his check book.

"'How much a year do you need, Sam,' he said, 'in order to live as you want to, and at the same time keep entirely out of debt?'

"Sam, after musing, answered with a bright smile:

"'About fifteen thousand a year—and all my expenses paid.'"

The Girl and the Lobster.

Dorando Pietri, at one of the many Italian banquets given in his honor in New York, talked about professional athletics.

"Amateurism is no doubt more romantic than professionalism," he said, "but we live in an unromantic age."

He smiled.

"Only the other night, at one of your gayest Italian restaurants," he said, "I overheard a dialogue that illustrated forcibly the age's lack of romance. It was late. At the table next to mine a rich young Italian contractor was supping with a beautiful young girl. As the young girl played with the stem of her wine glass, I heard her murmur:

"'It is true, isn't it, that you love me, and me only?'

"'Yes,' said the young man, 'though this lobster is certainly mighty good.'"

The Highwayman's Prayer.

Tom L. Johnson, whose unselfish work in his city's behalf was chiefly responsible for the loss of his large fortune, was criticising, at a holiday banquet, a grasping corporation.

"They are too transparent," he said, "in asking for the passage of this bill. In fact, they remind me vividly of the continental highwayman who, laying his bludgeon and revolver beside him, knelt down on the road in front of a wayside shrine and prayed:

"'I do not ask thee, O Madonna, for money—only send this way an automobilist with full pockets!'"

Nothing Serious.

"You're going to start a comic weekly! What for?"

"O, just for fun."

His Station.

"What was your station in life before you became a wanderer?" asked the kind old soul.

"I fergit what it wuz," answered the husky hobo, 'but now it's de perlise station most uv th' time."

YOUNG MEN WHO WERE GREAT.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at 19.

Gladstone was in Parliament at 23, and at 25 was Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge when 16, and was called to the bar at 21.

Peel was in Parliament at 20, and Palmerston was Lord of the Admiralty at 23.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States at 29, contrary to the Constitution.

Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne at 16; before he was 34 he was one of the great rulers of Europe.

Judge Story was at Harvard at 15, in Congress at 29, and Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States at 32.

Conde conducted a memorable campaign at 17, and at 22 he, and Turenne also, were of the most illustrious men of their time.

Webster was in college at 15, gave earnest of his great future before he was 25, and at 30 was the peer of the ablest men in Congress.

Washington was a major at 19, a distinguished colonel in the army at 22, early in public affairs, commander of the forces at 44 and President at 57.

Napoleon at 27 commanded the army of Italy; at 30, he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of all time, but one of the great law-givers of the world. At 46 he saw Waterloo.

The great Leo X. was Pope at 38. Having finished his academic training, he took the office of cardinal at 18, twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament.

William Pitt entered the university at 14, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at 23, Prime Minister at 24, and so continued for twenty years; and at 35 was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe.

John Quincy Adams at the age of 14 was secretary to Mr. Dana, then minister to the Russian court; at 27 he was minister to Holland, at 30 he was minister to Prussia, at 42 he was minister to Russia, at 48 he was minister to England, at 50 he was Secretary of State, and President at 57.

Alexander Hamilton was in King's College at 16; when 17, he made a notable address on public affairs to the citizens of New York; at 19 he was captain of artillery, and served at White Plains, Trenton and Princeton; at 20 he was intrusted with a most important mission to General Gates; was in Congress at 25; Secretary of the Treasury at 32, and at 41 was a major general.

UNFAMILIAR FACTS.

There are 24,300 more pupils in the public schools of New York City than there were a year ago.

Though the industry is still in its infancy the mines of India give employment to 152,000 persons.

An average of 500 employes of the street car companies of New York City are injured by accidents each month.

Immigration into Canada from January to August, 1908, declined 46 per cent, compared with the same period last year.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, has practically built one hospital by the sale of her stories, and has largely benefited several others.

Ease in money is not world-wide. In Australia there is a manifest tendency towards stringency, and little money is available for fresh investments.

By a European process flour is compressed into blocks for preservation. The treatment kills all form of larval life and prevents ravages of insects.

San Francisco is contemplating a municipal water plant. It is proposed to drain the Sierra Mountains for the purpose, at a cost of about $42,000,000.

Exhaustive tests have proved the new torpedo nets of the navy able to withstand the attacks of torpedoes fired at the highest speed yet reached.

The pleasantest month of the year at Chamounix and other places in Switzerland was October. But the tourists had all departed and the hotels were closed.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

Do not yield to misfortunes.—Latin.

Method will teach you to win time.—Goethe.

The eagle does not war against frogs.—Italian.

Better go ahead than be drowned.—French.

A man ought to be born a king or a fool.—Latin.

It is easy to manage when fortune favors.—Danish.

The worship of the world, but no repose.—Shelley.

Where might is master, justice is servant.—German.

There is never wanting a dog to bark at you.—Portuguese.

Experience is the great baffler of speculation.—French.

Much water runs by the mill while the miller sleeps.—Danish.

It is easy to cut thongs from other men's leather.—Dutch.

You ought to untie that knot which you knit yourself.—Spanish.

He who does not rise early never does a good day's work—German.

The best cure for drunkenness is while sober to see a drunken man.—Chinese.

The Real Thing.

Mrs. Bluehose—Who is your favorite writer, Mrs. Shopleigh?

Mrs. Shopleigh—My husband.

Mrs. Bluehose—Why, I wasn't aware that he was of a literary turn.

Mrs. Shopleigh—Oh, yes; he writes checks.

How They Managed It.

"Do you sell postage stamps here, young man?" queried the old lady.

"No, ma'am," answered the junior drug clerk. "We just give 'em away at cost."

ORIGIN OF THE SINKER.

Name Due to Dick Marshall, the Thing Itself to Jim Meschutt.

"The statement made in connection with the contemplated razing of the Putnam house that the popular sinker had its origin there must be corrected," said a reminiscent old New Yorker to the New York Sun, "or the bones of Dick Marshall, Oliver Hitchcock and Jim Meschutt will never be easy in their graves again.

"Dick Marshall was the original maker and purveyor of the butter cake as the proper thing to go with a cup of coffee and he introduced it more than sixty years ago at his place in Spruce street. As a youngster I patronized that establishment and the man who baked the cakes was another youngster named Oliver Hitchcock.

"I was working in a printing office and getting $4 a week and looked with admiring envy on Oliver Hitchcock dishing up Dick Marshall's sinkers on order and getting $6 a week for it. Marshall was known to everybody as Buttercake Dick, and that place of his in Spruce street was certainly a mint.

"When I say that Oliver Hitchcock dished up the cakes I describe the process literally. The cakes were not the light raised butter cakes known to Park row now which Oliver Hitchcock in after years served at his own place and made popular. Dick Marshall's cakes were shortcakes, and instead of being baked on order and served hot from the griddle they were kept in stock in a kettle of melted butter and dipped out of it by a long-handled skimmer to fill the orders.

"The specific gravity of these cakes, made with lard and stewed in butter as they were, was such that the name sinker, which early became their own, was easily suggested as most appropriate, and it has continued to be the popular name, although the quality of weight was long ago eliminated.

"While Oliver Hitchcock popularized the butter cake as it is made and served to-day, he was not its originator. The name of the father of it was once as familiar in the town as that of Delmonico. It was Meschutt.

"Fred, Dave and Jim Meschutt had first an eating house on the Bowery, but branched out until they had famed resorts of that kind in various parts of town, one on Broadway at Howard street. At the original Bowery place the Meschutts served coffee and cakes, the cakes being the same sort that Dick Marshall was serving down in Spruce street.

"Jim Meschutt was a practical baker and the soggy, greasy, indigestible Dick Marshall sinker didn't strike him as being just the thing to inflict on customers, so he evolved a recipe that resulted in the production of a cake that had no lard in it and that could be baked and served direct from the griddle, to be buttered by the customer himself to suit his taste. These cakes were a success from the start and the Meschutt establishment abolished the hot butter kettle and the long handled skimmer.

"What is the butter cake that Oliver Hitchcock pushed into still greater popularity as a coffee and cake purveyor on his own hook and which is the butter cake of commerce to-day. Every one who finds satisfaction in his order of coffee and cakes as they are made and served to-day therefore owes his thanks to Jim Meschutt. He was the leader of it, as Dick Marshall was the father of the sinker that his shop served to its courageous patrons fifty years ago."

MOUNTAIN SLIDING.

Hawaiian Small Boys Simply "Drop Down the Edge of the Scenery."

Water sports are by no means the only vigorous athletics indulged in by the boys of Hawaii. Mountain climbing is a favorite pastime, for there are peaks 4,000 feet high within easy walking distance of any part of Honolulu, and on the island of Hawaii there are two mountains fully 14,000 feet in height. Not infrequently the Honolulu schools give picnics on the mountain sides that the pupils may gather land shells. It is on these excursions in search of land shells that the Hawaiian schoolboys revel in the once national sport, mountain sliding.

A very steep mountain side is selected, where the grass is long and sloping downward. Every one gathers his own ti leaves. The ti leaf is something like the banana leaf, but not nearly so long. With a bunch of ti leaves in his hand the first boy steps to the edge of the side, grasps the leaves by the stems in both hands, places the leafy part under him and sits down, gives himself a start and drops down the edge of the scenery like a flash. I was assured that it was an easy matter to regulate the speed of descent by merely grasping the ti stems firmly and lifting them upward, this acting as a brake. I longed for the thrill of dropping down over the edge of a mountain and upon my brief sled of ti leaves began the descent. I went like the wind. It seemed as though my breath would be taken away from me or that I would plunge head over heels, to be dashed to pieces among the trees below. I thought of my brake and drew up on the ti leaves with all my might and came up with a jerk that jarred every bone in my body. There I sat, looking downward, almost perpendicularly, held in position only by a few leaves resting on the smooth, slippery grass, but the sliding grass is nearly a foot long, and it is only ofter it has been repeatedly slidden over and beaten down that it approaches perfection in the eyes of the Hawaiian small boy and sometimes leads to accidents. When, for instance, the thin layer of ti leaves wears out beneath the slide a gentle tug at the stalks parts the sled and sends the slider whizzing downward in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful manner, all arms and legs. Lucky is the victim of such an accident if he is not stopped in his downward career by the trunk of a tree.—St. Nicholas.

Mere Conversation.

Stude 1—Did you ever see a girl beat eggs for a cake?

Stude 2—No, but I've heard of a fellow shaking a furnace for breakfast.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Rural Telephones

Do you realize that rural telephones, more than anything else, tend to increase the earning power of every farm and farmer? Do you realize that ALL of the material needed to build the very best rural telephone line—exactly the same as the Bell Company puts up—will cost you and your neighbors less than half a bale of cotton or twenty bushels of wheat each?

Over 4,000,000 Western Electric Telephones

are in use in the United States to-day. We made the first telephones and we have made the most—in fact, we have made more than all other manufacturers combined.

We have brought the rural telephone within the reach of every farmer, and with our Free Bulletins before him a boy can install and operate the system. Our telephones are guaranteed.

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail it *to-day* so that the Free Bulletins, which describe the entire plan in detail, may be sent you immediately.

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111

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Colors more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and a guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free Booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

An Unusual Law Firm.

Miss Emma M. Fall of Malden, Mass., has just been taken into the law firm of her mother and father. The firm name is Fall, Fall & Fall, and now comprises Mr. Fall, Mrs. Fall and Miss Emma Fall. After being graduated from the Boston University College of Liberal Arts Miss Fall entered the law school of the university, where she made a signal success. After passing her examination for the bar her father insisted on her taking a rest in Europe before joining him and her mother in active practice. George Howard Fall, Miss Fall's father, and the only masculine member of the firm, was at one time professor of Roman law in the Boston University Law School. He has served on several school committees and was for several terms a member of the State Legislature.

MIX FOR RHEUMATISM.

The following is a never failing recipe for rheumatism. To one-half pint of good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured of any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring.

Someone wants to know why it isn't called "feetball?" That's because one leg of every player is in a sling most of the time.

A good honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlins Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

Some of the meanest men on earth can lie down with their conscience and sleep like a babe until the breakfast bell rings.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A man is safer in a French duel than he is doing the chambermaid's work for a mule.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

When a man flatters a woman anent her beauty, she never thinks it necessary to go to the looking glass for the truth.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, LD., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Only One "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

A Nashville woman wants to be the town dog-catcher at nothing per month. She must be looking for experience in the catch line.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

By steeping corks in petroleum they are rendered impervious to acids or chemical fumes.

"Leave a kiss within the cup and I'll not ask for wine." Who'd ask for wine anyway, when the same effort will secure Old Gilt Edge Whiskey, either rye or bourbon.

The Pearl.

The pearl is nothing but carbonate of lime, and vinegar or any other acid will eat away the polished surface in a few moments. As for the opal, hot water is fatal to it, destroying its fire, and sometimes causing it to crack. Soap is a deadly enemy of the turquoise. If a turquoise ring is kept on the hand while washing, in a short time the blue stones will turn to a dingy green.

Following a Bad Precedent.

"What kind of pavement are you going to put along this street?"

"Well, it is our intention——"

"So that's the kind, is it? Great Pluto! Why don't you move out of this neighborhood? You don't have to live here, do you?"

THE Keeley Cure FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG USING

The Keeley Institute is now permanently located at 2930 Sacramento St., cor. Broderick, San Francisco, Cal., where we are prepared to take the best of care of our patrons, furnishing board, lodging and a pleasant home while under treatment. Call or send for printed matter.

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J. B. WAGNER, the Rhubarb and Berry Specialist PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

An Outside Vegetarian.

"If you are not an outside vegetarian you are not really a vegetarian at all."

The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's little vegetarian church, uptown. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray ventilated suit, gray knit gloves, gray aerated hat, gray cloth boots, he continued:

"An inside vegetarian is one who puts in his interior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals.

"See my gloves—vegetable gloves of cotton—not made of the skins of murdered kids. See my boots—woven—owing nothing to some poor murdered calf. See my buttons—wooden—not made of grisly bones.

"Inside and outside"—so the quaint faddist concluded—"I am a vegetarian and inside and outside I get along without the murder of any creature—fish, flesh or fowl. There are many like me."

When the Sun Grows Cold.

Dr. Fridjof Nansen predicts the fate of the earth in the far distant future, when the sun grows cold. The simple low organisms, he says, will probably live longest, until even they disappear. Finally, he says, all water on the earth's surface will freeze and the oceans will be transformed into ice to the bottom. Some time later the carbonic acid of the atmosphere will begin to fall on the surface of the earth in the form of snow. Some time after that the temperature on the surface will have reached about 330 degrees below zero F. New oceans will then be formed by the atmosphere being turned into liquid, and the atmosphere of that future earth will be only hydrogen and helium. The sun will go through the same process. It will continue in its way as a dark star through space, accompanied by the planets.

The Bite of a Dog.

"I want to say a few words about hydrophobia," said a physician. "When an animal bites through clothing there is little or no danger of infection. The virus is on the teeth of the animal and when the person bitten has received the wound through a layer of clothing there is little danger.

"The virus on the teeth is left in the clothing and is not communicated to the person bitten. Rabid dogs or other animals are not like reptiles. They have no hollow teeth through which poison may be communicated. It must be introduced directly into the system of the victim.

"Therefore, when a supposedly rabid dog bites a person, if the bite is not on an exposed part of the body he should have no fear."—Washington Post.

The Informer.

"Teacher," said Dicky Jones, sidling up to the desk and speaking in a whisper, "Tommy Tucker's trying to look cross eyed, like you look."

It is scarcely necessary to add that it was Dicky Jones that got the subsequent whipping.

The Gentle Rebuff.

"Immeasurable are the rebuffs that the helpers of the poor, the seekers after charity for their suffering brothers undergo," said a New York charity organization official. "A friend of mine, a Methodist minister in a small western town, told me the other day of his last rebuff, a not unkind one. Entering the office of the local weekly, the minister said to the editor:

"'I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud a man to make his sufferings known.'

"'Why,' explained the editor, pushing up his eyeshade, 'I'm the only chap in the village who answers that description. What's this gentleman's name?'

"'I regret,' said the minister, 'that I am not at liberty to disclose it.'

"'Why, it must be me,' said the editor. 'It is me. It's me, sure. Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work.'"

A Man Asleep.

His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump, writes O. Henry in his inimitable way in Everybody's. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. "Imperial Caesar," says I, "asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away."

A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12:30 a. m. dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way.

Price of His Treason.

Benedict Arnold died in London June 14, 1801. His life after his treason was a most unhappy one. He was avoided by men of honor and on many occasions deliberately insulted. He received a considerable sum of money from the British government and made several unsuccessful attempts to engage in business in British America and the West Indies and finally returned to London, where he died in obscurity. His second son, born in 1780, entered the British army in 1798, served with credit in many parts of the world and three years before his death in 1854 was made a lieutenant general.—Household Companion.

Preserved Currants.

I asked the waiter at a hotel in Paris to find out how the currants which were served with soft cream cheese and bread for dessert were cooked. To my surprise he informed me that they were not cooked at all. The large red and white currants were simply covered generously with sugar and let stand three days, the result being delicious. They should be served very cold.—Good Housekeeping.

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CURE THE CHILDREN'S COUGH

before the constant hacking tears the delicate membrane of throat and lungs, exposing them to the ravages of deadly disease. Piso's Cure goes straight to the seat of the trouble, stops the cough, strengthens the lungs, and quickly relieves unhealthy conditions. Because of its pleasant taste and freedom from dangerous ingredients it is the ideal remedy for children. At the first symptoms of a cough or cold in the little ones you will save sorrow and suffering if you GIVE THEM PISO'S CURE

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